THE TROY TIMES.

The Troy Daily Times.

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TROY DAILY TIMES.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON APRIL 15, 1865.

THE SURRENDER OF LEE.

Full and Graphic Details of the Great Event—The Interview between Grant and Lee—Signing of the Articles of Capitulation by Lee—Interesting Scenes and Incidents.

[From the Correspondence of the New York Times.]

I am able to lay before you the highly interesting and important details of the surrender, through the courtesy of Col. Tal. P. Shaffner, the eminent telegraph engineer, who was an eye witness to the whole scene.

In order to give a clear idea of the position where the event took place, and how the respective armies stood at the time, it is necessary to go back and very briefly follow the course of the armies from the time they left Petersburg. When Lee began his retreat, he crossed the Appomattox and moved Westwardly with his army, while Grant followed with part of his forces directly in Lee's rear; and with the remainder of his infantry and Sheridan's cavalry, struck out parallel with and on both sides of the Southside Railroad for Burkesville, fifty-[...] miles West of Petersburg, where the Danville road crosses the Southside road. By the herculean efforts, the troops being cheered by the prospect of cutting off the rebel retreat, [...] forces reached Burkesville first, and the Danville Railroad was no longer available to Lee. In the meantime, Sheridan had most severely [...] Lee's several retreating columns, and [at] Harper's Farm, on Thursday afternoon last, [with] the assistance of the Fifth and Sixth corps, [comp]letely cut off and captured Ewell's entire [corps] of nine thousand men, seven general [officer]s, fifteen field pieces of artillery, thirty battle-flags, and six miles of wagon trains.

[As] may be seen by the map, the Appomattox [West] of Petersburg is a very crooked stream, [with] many tributaries, the country being [rough] and hilly. Lee was compelled to keep [[illegible]] North of that stream, on the line of [the ol]d stage road from Lynchburg to Richmond. [After] reaching Burkesville, Gen. Meade, with [the gr]eater portion of the Army of the Potomac, [took] up the pursuit on the North side of the [ro]ad, while Sheridan's cavalry and Ord's [Twen]ty-fourth corps moved rapidly along the [South] side of the road, Sheridan being constantly [on L]ee's flanks, frequently compelling him to [halt a]nd form line of battle, and as often engaging him, cutting off detachments, picking up [strag]glers, capturing cannon without number, [and de]moralizing the enemy at every stand. On [Frida]y, at Farmville, sixteen miles West of [Burk]esville, a considerable engagement occurred, [in wh]ich the Second corps participated largely [and s]uffered some loss. Here Gen. Thos. A. [Smyth], commanding a brigade in the Second [divisi]on of the Second corps, was killed while [on the] skirmish line, and in a charge subsequently, Gen. Mott, commanding the Third division of the same corps, was wounded. Other [troop]s were brought up, but before the enemy [could] be re[[illegible]], they were on the retreat.

At High Bridge, over the Appomattox, [Lee a]gain crossed to the North side of the river, [and tw]o of our regiments, the Fifty fourth Pennsylvania and One Hundred and Twenty third [Ohio], which were sent there to hold the bridge, [were] captured by a strong cavalry force. The [railroa]d bridge at this point, a very high and [long st]ructure, was burned by the enemy. Lee [then h]eaded directly for Lynchburg, in the hope [of rea]ching a point where he could move around [the fr]ont of our left wing, and escape toward [Danvi]lle by a road which runs directly South [from a] point about twenty miles East of Lynchburg. But Grant was too vigorous—the pursuit [was t]oo hot. Lee's rear and flanks were so [hard] pressed that he was compelled to skirmish [at] every step, and to destroy or abandon an [immen]se amount of property, while Sheridan [was ra]pidly shooting ahead of him. The position, therefore, on Sunday morning, was one [from] which Lee could not possibly extricate [himse]lf. His army lay massed a short distance [North] of Appomattox Court House; his last [hop]e of escape toward Danville on the South [w]as gone—he was completely hemmed in. [Meade] was in his rear on the East and on his [left] flank North of Appomattox Court House, [Sherid]an had headed him off completely, by getting between him and Lynchburg; Gen. Ord was [just] South of the Court House, near the railroad; the troops were in the most enthusiastic [spirits], and the rebel army was doomed. Lee's [last ef]fort to escape was made on Sunday morning by attempting to cut his way through Sheridan's lines, but it totally failed.

[It w]ill be recollected that Gen. Grant's first [letter] to Lee was dated on the 7th, Friday, the [[illegible]] and the correspondence [[illegible]] the following day [u]p to 11 o'clock on Sunday, as already published. In response to Gen. Grant's last letter, Lee appeared on the picket line in front of [the S]econd corps, Miles' division, with a letter [addre]ssed to Gen. Meade, requesting a cessation [of ho]stilities while he considered Gen. Grant's [terms] of surrender. Gen. Meade replied that [he ha]d no authority to accede to the request, but [that h]e would wait two hours before making an [attack]. In the meantime Gen. Grant sent word [to Ge]n. Meade that he would be up in half an [hour, a]nd the matter was turned over to him. [A flag] of truce proceeded to Appomattox Court [House] shortly after noon, and at about 2 o'clock [p. m. t]he two Generals met at the house of Mr [Wilme]r McLean. [...]

DAILY TIMES.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 21, 1865.

ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

GREAT!

We have not been to dwell upon the details of the awful calamity. The cold of a great people succeeds to shock. The vengeance of a just God sends an lightning darts and crushing storms; but while veiled in mourning and sorrow, men cannot discuss secondary and fruitless criticism.

God, not beyond the power of language to express, is of our country, and our servants, and, unbidden, our friend and his late President. He was grateful to us for that? for a time? No. He loved his country with the pure devotion of a child for its mother. But he had the strength of good manhood and the sagacity of paternal relationship to defend the Union he loved more than he was merciful, he was kind. Never was heart more susceptible to pity than Abraham Lincoln's. He was ready to forgive his worst enemy, provided repentance followed, and relieve them was reasonable hope that the bitterness of the country would not be increased by such forgiveness. Even to the hour he was killed by the assassin's fire, Abraham Lincoln was blameless with the exception of his error with all the nobleness of a mind that grasped as by intuition the salient principles of government, and to compose our national difficulties, to purify the country, to reestablish Peace upon the basis of constitutional liberty, and the Union through sagacity and suffering blessings to them, was all he sought to accomplish. Traitor, treachery, infatuation, and no ruin but real hope people

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CHURCH?
Or, Ten Reasons why Christians are not Christ-like.
Price 10 cents. Sent by mail. Phil'a Publishing Co.

We cannot assign to the character of our dead President a higher place and rank. In the future of our country men will estimate. The people elevated him and looked up to him and followed to what, indeed, was his and noble leadership of the past. The time that almost, like doom has fixed the seals of Immortality into before even and the horrible fate rest leaden, and offer to them the terms of our fellow-men and country. Henceforth, those words will hold from the lexicon of the American people, and nothing short of the reestablishment of the guilty workers who plunged this Nation in fratricidal war, and who have prevented their murderous conception will be the leading of a nation, will satisfy the demands of the Republic.

The Nation mourns; the People are bowed down with sorrow—not a city, legal heart, intellect even in its cold affliction, feels that the Republic still lives.

Abraham Lincoln is dead, but his works shall live after him and ongoing still coming time. His memory shall be enshrined with Washington's—*First in the hearts of his countrymen!*

It is a solemn day. We feel that the Republic has lost its truest friend, its great guide—and its truest actor. But thank God, Andrew Johnson lives to save his country. Thank God he saw the thinking brain dust in the glorious Rebellion. His policy was conceived, it is to prevent his hand not triumphant. May God strengthen and protect him!

Mr. Seward Dying.

This is the sad accompanying announcement received this morning:—

The National Intelligencer has received the following letter:

Andrew Johnson,

Andrew Johnson, President, is now Pres*ident at the United States.* We print elsewhere a report of his address this afternoon on the occasion of the celebration of the capture of Richmond. Andrew Johnson has been a victim of cruel persecution. He will not spare the traitor leaders. Mr. Johnson is now at great altitude. Like the honored President, he is a self-made man. Popular prejudice has been carried against him unfairly on account of the unfortunate state of affairs in Tennessee. We are assured by those who know him well that he is not an incompetent man. He will be a friend of South-Side men in the inaugeneration; he was unrelated by ultimatums under the prescription of prejudice, and to endure the fatigue incident to the occupation of Washington, he drank more than he ever would when sound hour. It was no unfortunate circumstance that his accession came and was made that to Andrew Johnson we will have an able, upright, a temperate and patriotic Chief Magistrate.

Sketch of Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin county, Ky., February 12, 1809. His ancestors, of English were Quakers, went from Berks county, Penn., to Rockingham county, Va., and from there to Hardin county, Kentucky, where they remained with his father to Kentucky when he was about seven years old. He was born in 1816. Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham, removed to Virginia, and, in 1830, to Macon county, Illinois, where Abraham, then twenty-one years old, left home and commenced life for himself. He was employed by a man with whom he went to mouth of the Sangamon river, and there he was hired to split rails for fifty cents per hundred. Abraham was put to work with an ox team to break prairie, and the next year he was hired to run a team which was employed in hewing logs for the house of Mr. Warnick, and in the following year, he hired himself at twenty-five dollars a month to work in a flouring mill, and afterward in boating the boat to New Orleans. On the breaking out of the Blackhawk war in 1832, he joined a volunteer company, and by his associates elected Captain of it. He served in it for three months in the campaign, and on his return was in the same year nominated by the Whigs candidate for the Legislature; but the county being Democratic, as Abraham was personally popular he came within 277 votes and only received that. He next opened a country store, which was not prosperous; was appointed a Postmaster of New Salem, and began the study of law. In 1834, Mr. Lincoln was elected to the Legislature by the highest vote and was again reelected, and was re-elected in 1836, 1838 and 1840. In 1836, he obtained a license to practice law, and in April, 1837, removed to Springfield and opened an office in partnership with Mr. John T. Stuart. He rose rapidly to distinction in his profession, and was elected to Congress in 1846, and in April, 1847, removed to Springfield and resumed an office in partnership with Mr. Stuart. He rose rapidly to distinction in his profession, and was elected to Congress in 1846, and in April, 1847, removed to Springfield and resumed an office in partnership with Mr. Logan. In 1854, he was elected to the Legislature, and, as such, in 1856 he canvassed the entire State of Illinois, and took the stump for Fremont. In 1858, Mr. Lincoln was elected by the Republicans of Illinois as their candidate for United States Senator, to succeed Stephen A. Douglas, whose term of office was about to expire. This was the celebrated contest in which Douglas defeated Lincoln by a majority of 4,000. Mr. Lincoln's speeches in this campaign, and especially those in reply to Douglas, at Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesboro, Charleston, Galesburg and Quincy, attracted universal attention, and placed him in the front rank of American statesmen. In 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected President. The opposing candidates were Mr. Douglas, Democrat; Mr. Breckinridge, Southern Democrat; and Mr. Bell, Constitutional Union candidate. Mr. Lincoln received 180 electoral votes, and was declared

TROY DAILY TIMES.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON APRIL 15, 1865.

HOME MATTERS.

Travelers' Guide.

For New York—Hudson River [illegible] 5.40, 6.45, 10.30 A. M., 4.00 and 10.00 P. M. Sunday—[illegible] A. M. and 4.30 P. M. The 4.30 P. M. Sunday train leaves from depot [illegible] River and [illegible]—Harlem Railroad—8.15 A. M. and 3.00 P. M.

For Boston, Montreal, &c.—Via Troy and Boston Railroad 8.00 A. M., and 1.00, 1.30 and 9.15 P. M.—Via Albany and Springfield—5.30, 11.00, 11.00 A. M., and 3.45 P. M.

For Buffalo—New York Central Railroad—6.41 A. M., 12.40, 5.00 and 12.10 P. M.

For Saratoga—Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad—7.30, 9.45, A. M., and 5.00 P. M.

For Albany—Troy and Greenbush Railroad—9.00, 11.00, A. M., 3.45 P. M.—Hudson River Trains—5.20, 6.45, 9.15, 10.30 A. M., 3.00, 4.00, 10.00 P. M.

From Albany—Hudson Railroad Ferry—9.20, 11.35 A. M., and 4.40, P. M. Hudson River Railroad Ferry—11.00, 12.00 A. M., and 4.10, 5.10, 9.00, 0.30, and 11.00 P. M.

For Lansingburgh and Waterford—Troy and Lansingburgh Railroad—6.15, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15 A. M. and at intervals of fifteen minutes thereafter until 8.45 P. M., and then at 9.15, 9.15, 10.15, 10.15 P. M. Last car passes Troy House at 11.00 P. M.

From Waterford and Lansingburgh—Troy and Lansingburgh Railroad—6.15, 6.15, 6.45 and 7.00 A. M. and at intervals of fifteen minutes thereafter until 7.40 P. M., and then at 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 and 10.00 P. M. Last car passes Phoenix Hotel at 10.15 P. M.

SERVICES THIS AFTERNOON.

We understand that all the Churches of the city are to be opened at 5 o'clock this afternoon, and services will be held suggested by the sad events of the day. It is hoped that the attendance will be general.

THE SAD NEWS IN TROY.—Few persons were aware of the fearful tragedy of last night until the issue of the morning paper. The dispatches that came in the early part of the night briefly announced the sad news, and soon afterwards came other telegrams contradicting the statements, and requesting them to be kept away from the papers and the public. Early this morning the details came; but few persons except telegraphers and night editors were aware of the news. It came upon the community, therefore, like a thunderbolt. To describe the deep gloom that it has caused would be impossible. A settled gloom seems to rest on every countenance. Each one looks as if he had lost some near and dear friend. At an early hour, by common consent, business was suspended. Some of the stores closed up, others were kept open merely as centres to exchange words of condolence. Flags were raised at half-mast, fronts of buildings draped in mourning; every outward evidence of sorrow given. The news of the death of the President was received about 8 o'clock. Other despatches were bulletined as fast as they came, and added to the eager interest of the crowds who thronged the bulletin-boards. Alas! with what different feelings these sources of information have been looked upon to-day, contrasted with last week.

With scarcely an exception, the sorrow seems to be universal. Those who opposed Mr. Lincoln, while living, are the loudest in lamenting his death and deploring the great National calamity. There have been a few exceptions—evidences of ill-timed levity, and, in one or two cases, of fiendish wantonness. About 11 o'clock a stranger was reading a bulletin at the United States Telegraph office, and remarked, "He ought to have been assassinated." One of our citizens told him he was a villain. The stranger retorted by a blow, and then ran down River street, pursued by a crowd—among them John M. Cary, who proposed to deal summarily with the fellow. Officer Leizelberger interfered and arrested the man for assault and battery. His name proved to be D. L. Hunt, of Rochester. He was lodged in jail. Mr. Hunt claims that he is a Republican, and voted for Mr. Lincoln in 1860 and 1864, that he said: "What use was it to assassinate him now. If it had been done four years ago, it might have ended the war." That's his version.

—At noon our city wore an appearance that we have not seen paralleled since the day of the great fire—a crowd in the streets, stores closed, everybody eager, emotion depicted in each countenance. In view of the excitement that prevails and bids fair to increase, we trust all good citizens will join in efforts to preserve the solemn tranquility that alone befits so fearful an occasion.

RELIGIOUS.—At evening service to-morrow, the door of the church of the Holy Cross, will not be opened until 4½ o'clock, P. M.

—Rev. R. R. Meredith will preach at the North Troy Methodist church to-morrow evening on "The Hope of the Nation."

—A sermon on the hand of God in our great national conflict, will be preached by Dr. Sheldon in the Fifth street Baptist church, to-morrow evening, at 7½ o'clock.

—The events of to-day will be made the subject of the discourses in all the city pulpits to-morrow morning. Such, we learn from a leading clergyman, is the understanding to-day.

—St. John's church will be open to-morrow (Easter Sunday,) for early morning service at [illegible] A. M. Sermon and Holy Communion at 10½ A. M. Anniversary of the Sunday school at 3 P. M.

—The Young Men's Christian Association will hold a meeting in the Dutch Reformed church, West Troy, (Rev. Dr. Gregory's,) to-morrow evening at 7½ o'clock. The object of these Sabbath evening meetings held from time to time in different churches, is to make known the work of the Association and of the City Missionary, and the very great necessity for it. James H. Kellogg will take charge of the Sunday school meeting of Rensselaer Chapel to-morrow evening, at 6 o'clock, and will doubtless interest the children with some scripture lesson, illustrated.

PARADE REVOKED.—By an order issued yesterday, a parade of the Twenty-fourth regiment was arranged for Monday. Col. McConihe, in the following order, revokes the parade, and directs a funeral salute to be fired to-morrow:

HEADQUARTERS 24TH REG'T N. Y. S. N. G., Troy, April 15, 1865.

General Order No. 8: General order No. 7 dated at these headquarters, April 14th, is revoked. By order,

I. McCONIHE, Jr., Col. Comd'g.

G. G. MOORE, Adjutant.

BY TELEGRAPH.

SORROWFUL NEWS!

THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT

HE IS BRUTALLY ASSASSINATED

A FIENDISH, DREADFUL DEED.

SEC'Y SEWARD STABBED.

HIS RECOVERY IMPOSSIBLE.

HIS TWO SONS DADLY WOUNDED.

J. WILKES BOOTH IS THE ASSASSIN.

ARREST OF THE VILLAIN.

THE DETAILS OF THE TRAGEDY

ANDREW JOHNSON SWORN IN AS PRESIDENT.

LATEST ARMY ADVICES.

Andrew Johnson Sworn In.

WASHINGTON, April 15.

Andrew Johnson was sworn into office as President of the United States by Chief Justice Chase, to-day, at 11 o'clock. Secretary McCulloch and Attorney-General Speed, and others, were present. He remarked, "The duties are mine. I will perform them, trusting in God."

President Lincoln Shot—Secretary Seward Assassinated.

[FIRST DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, April 15, 12:30 A. M.

The President was shot in a theatre to-night and is perhaps mortally wounded.

[SECOND DISPATCH.]

The President is not expected to live through the night. He was shot at a theatre. Secretary Seward was also assassinated. No arteries were cut.

[THIRD DISPATCH.]

President Lincoln and wife, with other friends, this evening visited Ford's Theatre, for the purpose of witnessing the performance of the "American Cousin." It was announced in the papers that Gen. Grant would also be present, but that gentleman took the late train for New Jersey. The theatre was densely crowded, and everybody seemed delighted with the scene before them. During the third act, and while there was a temporary pause, a sharp report of a pistol was heard, which merely attracted attention, but suggested nothing serious, until a man rushed to the front of the President's box, waving a long dagger in his right hand, and exclaiming, "*Sic semper Tyrannis*," and immediately leaped from the box, which was in the second tier, to the stage beneath, and ran across to the opposite side, making his escape amid the bewilderment of the audience, to the rear of the theatre, and mounting a horse, fled. The screams of Mrs. Lincoln first disclosed the fact to the audience, that the President had been shot, when all present rose to their feet, and, rushing towards the stage, many exclaiming, "hang him! hang him!" The excitement was of the wildest possible description, and of course there was an abrupt termination of the theatrical performance. There was a rush towards the President's box when cries were heard, "stand back and give him air." "Has any one stimulants?" On a hasty examination it was found that the President had been shot through the head, above and back of the temple bone, and that some of the brains were oozing out. He was removed to a private house opposite to the theatre, and the Surgeon-General of the army and other surgeons sent for to attend to his condition. On an examination of the private box, blood was discovered on the back of the cushioned rocking chair on which the President had been sitting, also on the partition and on the floor. A common single-barreled pocket pistol was found on the carpet. A military guard was placed in front of the private residence to which the President had been conveyed. An immense crowd was in front of it, all deeply anxious to learn the condition of the President. It had been previously announced that the wound was mortal, but all hope otherwise. The shock to the community was terrible. At midnight, the Cabinet, together with Messrs. Sumner, Colfax, Farnsworth, Judge Curtis, Gen. Meigs, Col. Hay, and a few personal friends, with Surgeon-General Barnes and his immediate associates, were around his bedside. The President was in a state of *syncope*, totally insensible, and breathing slowly. The blood oozed from the wound at the back of his head. The Surgeons exhausted every possible effort of medical skill, but all hope was gone. The parting of his family with the dying President, is too sad for description. The President and Mrs. Lincoln did not start for the theatre until fifteen minutes past 8 o'clock. Speaker Colfax was at the White House at the time, and the President stated to him that he was going, though Mrs Lincoln was not well, because the papers had announced that Gen. Grant and they were to be present; and as Gen. Grant had gone North, he did not wish the audience to be disappointed. He went with apparent reluctance, and urged Mr. Colfax to go with him, but that gentleman had made other engagements, and with Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, bid him "good bye."

When the excitement at the theatre was at its wildest height, reports were circulated that Secretary Seward had also been assassinated. On reaching this gentleman's residence, a crowd and a military guard were found at the door, and on entering it was ascertained that the reports were based on truth. Everybody there was so excited that scarcely an intelligible word could be gathered, but the facts are substantially as follows: About ten o'clock a man rang the bell, and the call having been answered by a colored servant, he said he had come from Mr. Verdi, Secretary Seward's family physician, with a prescription, at the same time holding in his hand a small piece of folded paper, and saying in answer to a refusal, that he must see the Secretary, as he was entrusted with particular directions concerning the medicine. He still insisted on going up, although repeatedly informed that no one could enter the chamber. The man pushed the servant aside and walked heavily toward the Secretary's room, and was then met by Mr. Frederick Seward, of whom he demanded to see the Secretary, making the same representation which he did to the servant. What further passed in the way of colloquy, is not known, but the man struck him on the head with a "billy," severely injuring the skull, and felling him almost senseless. The assassin then rushed into the chamber and attacked Major Seward, Paymaster U. S. A., and Mr. Hansel, a messenger of the State Department, and two male nurses, disabling them all. He then rushed upon the Secretary, who was lying in bed, in the same room, and inflicted three stabs in the neck, but this evening it is thought and hoped no arteries are severed, though he bled profusely. The assassin then rushed down stairs, mounted his horse at the door and rode off before an alarm could be sounded, and in the same manner as the assassin of the President. It is believed that the injuries of the Secretary are not fatal, nor those of either the others, although both the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary are very seriously injured. Secretaries Stanton and Welles and other prominent officers of the government called at Secretary Seward's House, to inquire into his condition, and there heard of the assassination of the President. They then proceeded to the house where he was lying, exhibiting, of course, intense anxiety and solicitude. An immense crowd has gathered in front of the President's House, and a strong guard was also stationed there, many persons evidently supposing he would be brought to his home. The entire city, to-night, presents a scene of wild excitement, accompanied by violent expressions of indignation, and the profoundest sorrow. Many shed tears. The military authorities have dispatched mounted patrols in every direction, in order if possible to arrest the assassins.

The whole Metropolitan police are likewise vigilant for the same purpose. The attacks, both at the theatre and at Secretary Seward's house, took place at about the same hour, ten o'clock, thus showing a preconcerted plan to assassinate those gentlemen. Some evidence of the guilt of the party who attacked the President is in possession of the police.

Vice President Johnson is in the city, and his headquarters are guarded by troops.

[FOURTH DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1.12 A. M.

The President is still alive, but he is growing weaker. The ball is lodged in his brain, three inches from where it entered the skull. He remains insensible and his condition is utterly hopeless. The Vice President has been to see him, but all company, except members of the Cabinet and of the family, is rigidly excluded. Large crowds still continue in the street as near to the house as the line of guards allows.

DISPATCH FROM SECRETARY STANTON.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 15, 1.30 A. M.

Maj. Gen. Dix: This evening, at about 9:30 P. M., at Ford's Theater, the President, while sitting in his private box with Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Harris and Major Rathbone, was shot by an assassin, who suddenly entered the box and approached behind the President. The assassin then leaped upon the stage, brandishing a large dagger or knife, and then made his escape to the rear of the theatre. The pistol ball entered the back of the President's head and penetrated nearly through the head. The wound is mortal. The President has been insensible ever since it was inflicted, and is now dying.

At about the same time an assassin, whether the same or not, entered Mr. Seward's apartments, and under pretence of having a prescription, was shown to the Secretary's sick chamber. The assassin immediately rushed to the bed, and inflicted two or three stabs in the throat and two in the face. It is hoped the wounds may not be mortal, but my apprehension is that they will prove fatal. The nurse alarmed Mr. Frederick Seward, who was in an adjoining room, and he hastened to the door of his father's room when he met the assassin, who inflicted on him one or more dangerous wounds. The recovery of Mr. Frederick Seward is doubtful.

It is not probable that the President will live through the night.

Gen. Grant and wife were advertised to be at the theatre this evening; but he started for Burlington at 6 o'clock this evening.

At a cabinet meeting, at which Gen. Grant was present, the subject of the state of the country and the prospect of speedy peace was discussed. The President was very cheerful and hopeful, and spoke very kindly of Gen. Lee and others of the Confederacy, and the establishment of government in Virginia.

All the members of the Cabinet, except Mr. Seward, are now in attendance upon the President. I have seen Mr. Seward, but he and Frederick were both unconscious.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

SECOND DISPATCH FROM SECRETARY STANTON.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 15—4 10 A. M.

Maj.-Gen. Dix: The President continues unconscious and insensible, and is sinking. Secretary Seward remains without change. Frederick Seward's skull is fractured in two places by a severe cut upon the head. The attendant is still alive but dangerous. Maj. Seward's wound is not dangerous. It is now ascertained with reasonable certainty that two assassins were engaged in the horrible crime,—Wilkes Booth being the one that shot the President, and the other a companion of his, whose name is not known, but whose description is so clear he can hardly escape. It appears from a letter found in Booth's trunk that the murder was planned before the 4th of March, but fell through then because the accomplice backed out until Richmond could be heard from. Booth and his accomplice were at the livery stable at 6 o'clock last evening, and left there with their horses about 10 o'clock, or shortly before that hour. It would seem they had for several days been seeking their chance, but for some unknown reason it was not carried into effect until last night. One of them has evidently made his way to Baltimore, the other has not been traced.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

THIRD OFFICIAL DISPATCH—DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 15.

To Maj.-Gen. Dix: Abraham Lincoln died this morning at twenty-two minutes after 7 o'clock.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

[FIFTH DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, April 15.

Booth has been arrested. Secretary Seward is living. It is confirmed that J. W. Booth was the assassin.

D. H. CRAIG.

FREDERICK SEWARD NOT DEAD.

A dispatch just received from Washington says Frederick Seward is not dead, but in a critical condition.

Latest from Washington.

WASHINGTON, April 15.

The assassin of President Lincoln left behind him his hat and a spur. The hat was picked up in the President's box, and has been identified by parties to whom it has been shown as the one belonging to the suspected man, and accurately described by other parties not allowed to see it before describing it. The spur was dropped upon the stage, and that also has been identified as the one procured at a stable where the same man hired a horse in the evening. Two gentlemen who went to the Secretary of War, and apprised him of the attack on Mr. Lincoln, met at the residence of the former a man muffled in a cloak, who, when accosted by them, hastened away. It had been Mr. Stanton's intention to accompany Mr. Lincoln to the Theatre and occupy the same box, but the press of business prevented. It seems, therefore, that the aim of the plotters was to paralyze the country,—at once striking down the head, the heart and the arm of the country. As soon as the dreadful events were announced in the streets, Superintendent Richards and his assistants were at work to discover the assassins. In a few moments the telegraph had aroused the whole police force of the city. Mayor Wallach and several members of the city government were soon on the spot, and every precaution was taken to preserve order and quiet in the city. Every street in Washington was patrolled, at the request of Mr. Richards. Gen. Augur sent horses to mount the police. Every road leading out of Washington was strongly picketed, and every possible avenue of escape was thoroughly guarded. Steamboats about to depart down the Potomac were stopped.

The *Daily Chronicle* says: As it is expected that this conspiracy originated in Maryland, the telegraph flashed the mournful news to Baltimore, and all the cavalry was immediately put upon active duty. Every road was picketed, and every precaution taken to prevent the escape of the assassin. A preliminary examination was made by Messrs. Richards and his assistants. Several persons were called to testify, and the evidence as elicited before an informal tribunal, and not under oath, was conclusive to this point. The murderer of President Lincoln was John Wilkes Booth. His hat was found in the private box and identified by several persons who had

SECOND EDITION.

HALF-PAST FOUR O'CLOCK, P. M.

THE LATEST FROM WASHINGTON

DETAILS OF MR. LINCOLN'S DEATH.

MR. SEWARD IN A CRITICAL STATE

INAUGURATION OF VICE PRESIDENT.

THE GOVERNOR'S PROOLAMATION

Inauguration of Vice President Johnson.

WASHINGTON, April 15.

At an early hour this morning, Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, sent an official communication to Hon. Andrew Johnson, Vice President of the United States, that in consequence of the sudden and unexpected death of the Chief Magistrate, his inauguration should take place as soon as possible, and requesting him to name the place and time for the ceremony. Mr. Johnson immediately replied that it would be agreeable to him to have the proceedings take place at his rooms in the Kirkwood as soon as the arrangements could be perfected. Chief Justice Chase was informed of the fact, and repaired to the appointed place in company with Secretary McCulloch, of the Treasury department, Attorney-General Speed, F. P. Blair, sr., Hon. Montgomery Blair, Senators Foote of Vermont, Ramsay of Minnesota, Yates of Illinois, Stewart of Nevada, Hale of New Hampshire, and General Farnsworth, of Illinois.—At 11 o'clock the oath of office was administered by the Chief Justice of the United States, in the usual solemn and impressive manner. Mr. Johnson received the kind expressions of the gentlemen by whom he was surrounded in a manner which shows his earnest of the great responsibilities so suddenly devolved upon him, and made a brief speech in which he said:

"The duties of the office are mine, I will perform them. The consequences are with God. Gentlemen, I shall lean upon you. I feel that I shall need your support. I am deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and the responsibility of the duties of the office I am assuming."

Mr. Johnson appeared to be in remarkably good health, and has a realizing sense of the hopes that are centered upon him. His manner was calm and dignified, and his whole bearing produced a most gratifying impression upon those who participated in the ceremonies. It is probable that during the day President Johnson will issue his first proclamation to the American people.

OFFICIAL FROM SECRETARY STANTON.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 15—3 P. M.

Maj.-Gen. Dix: Official notice of the death of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, was given by the heads of departments this morning to Andrew Johnson, Vice President, upon whom the Constitution devolves the office of President. Mr. Johnson, upon receiving this notice, appeared before Hon. Salmon P. Chase, the Chief Justice of the United States, and took the oath of office as President of the United States, and assumed his duties, and at 12 o'clock the President met the heads of departments in Cabinet meeting at the Treasury building, and among other business the following was transacted:

First, the arrangements for the funeral of the late President were referred to the several Secretaries as far as relates to their respective departments.

Second, William Hunter was appointed Acting Secretary of State during the disability of Mr. Seward, and his son, Frederick Seward, the Assistant Secretary.

Third, The President formally announced that he desired to retain the present Secretaries of Departments of his Cabinet, and they would go on and discharge their respective duties in the same manner as before the deplorable event that had changed the head of the Government.

The surgeons report that the condition of Mr. Seward remains unchanged. He is doing well. No improvement in Frederick Seward.

All business in the departments was suspended during the day.

The murderers have not yet been apprehended.

E. M. STANTON, Sec'y of War.

Later from Washington.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 11 A. M.

The *Star* extra says at twenty minutes past 7 o'clock the President breathed his last, closing his eyes as if falling asleep, and his countenance assuming an expression of perfect serenity. There were no indications of pain, and it was not known that he was dead until the gradually decreasing respiration ceased altogether. The Rev. Dr. Gurley, of the New York Avenue Church, immediately on its being ascertained that life was extinct, knelt at the bedside and offered an impressive prayer, which was responded to by every person in the room.—Dr. G. then proceeded to the front parlor, where Mrs. Lincoln, Capt. Robert Lincoln, Mrs. John Hay, (wife of the Private Secretary,) and others, were awaiting, where he again offered a prayer for the consolation of the family. The following minutes, taken by Dr. Abbott, show the condition of the late President throughout the night: 11 o'clock, pulse 44; 11:05, pulse 45, and growing weaker; 11 10, pulse 45; 11:15, pulse 42; 11:20, pulse 45, respiration 27 to 29; 11:25, pulse 42; 11:32, pulse 48 and full; 11:40, pulse 45; 11:45, pulse 45, respiration 22; 12 o'clock, pulse 48, respiration 22; 12:15, pulse 48, respiration 21; 12 30, pulse 45; 12:32, pulse 60; 12 35, pulse 60; 12:40, pulse 69—right; 12.45, pulse 70, eye much swollen and *ecchymosis*; 12.55, pulse 80, struggling motion on the arm; 1 o'clock, pulse 80, respiration 30; 1 30, pulse 95, appearing easier; 1 45, pulse 86—very quiet, and respiration regular, Mrs. Lincoln present; 2:10, Mrs. Lincoln retires with Robert Lincoln, to an adjoining room; 2.30, President very quiet, pulse 54, respiration 28; 2.52 pulse 48, respiration 30; 3 o'clock, visited again by Mrs. Lincoln; 3:25, respiration 24 and regular; 3:35, prayer by Rev. Dr. Gurley; 4, respiration 26 and regular; 4:15, pulse 60; respiration 25; 5 50, respiration 28, (regular,) sleeping; 6, pulse failing, respiration 28; 6.30, still failing and labored; 7, symptoms of immediate dissolution; 7 22 Death. Surrounding the death bed of the President were Secretaries Stanton, Welles, Usher, Attorney-General Speed, Postmaster General Dennison, M. B. Field, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Judge Otto, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, Gen. Halleck, Gen. Meigs, Senator Sumner, R. F. Andrews of New York, Gen. Todd of Dacotah, John Hay, Private Secretary, Gov. Oglesby of Illinois, Gen. Farnsworth, Miss Harris, Capt. Robt. Lincoln, son of the President, and Doctors E. W. Abbott, R. K. Stone, C. D. Gates, Neal Hall and Mr. Lieberman. Secretary McCulloch remained with the President until 5 o'clock, and Chief Justice Chase, after several hours attendance during the night, returned early this morning. Immediately after the President's death, a Cabinet meeting was called by Secretary Stanton, and held in the room in which the corpse lay. Secretaries Stanton, Welles and Usher, Postmaster-General Dennison and Attorney-General Speed were present. The results of the conference are as yet unknown.

A report is circulated, and repeated by almost everybody, that Booth was captured fifteen miles this side of Baltimore. If it be true, as asserted, that the War department have received such information, it will doubtless be officially promulgated. The Government departments are closed by order, and will be draped with emblems of mourning. The roads leading to and from the city are guarded by military, and utmost circumspection is observed as to all attempting to enter or leave the city.

Reports prevail that Mr. Frederick W. Seward, who was kindly assisting the nursing of Secretary Seward, received a stab in the back. His shoulder blade prevented the knife or dagger from penetrating his body. The prospects are that he will recover.

Flags over the Departments and throughout the city are at half mast. Scarcely any business is being transacted anywhere, either on private or public account. Our citizens, without any preconcert whatever, are draping their premises with festoons of mourning. The bells are tolling mournfully, all is the deepest gloom and sadness; strong men weep in the streets. The

The Old Flag of Sumter.

BY COL. A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Lift up the Old Flag of Sumter!
Tenderly—lovingly—
Lift it on Liberty's spars!
Bring back the Old Flag of Sumter—
Banner of Stars.
Back, like a bride to her bridegroom,
Shining and loved as of yore;
Back in the winds and the sunshine
Wedded once more!
O! how she twines around Sumter—
Kisses the red brow of Sumter,
Mantling his furrows and scars—
All the grim bosom of Ruin
Zoning with Liberty's stars!

Bring back the free Flag of Sumter!
Fearlessly—faithfully—
Lift it o'er shackles and bars;
High o'er the ashes of Slavery,
Watchlight of Stars!
Under the folds of its azure
Mingle the souls of our brave;
Under the gules of its glory
Standeth no slave!
Toiler—erect in his rice-field—
Clothed in the cotton's white fleeces—
Feeleth no longer his scars
Man-like, he looks up to Heaven—
Under the Banner of Stars!

Lift up the proud Flag of Sumter!
Joyously—jocundly—
Rocked by the cannon's loud jars,
All the dark clouds of Disunion
Rifting with stars!
Far over crumbling Rebellion,
Loyalty's Gospel it bears;
Climbing the highways of Heaven,
Freighted with prayers!
Emblem of Liberty's Manhood—
Symbol and Sign of a People,
Stronger than soldiers or Czars—
High o'er the hills of the Future
Shineth our Beacon of Stars!

Shout for the bold flag of Sumter!
Manfully—heartfully—
Shout for it! Soldiers and Tars!
Ye who with Sherman have conquered—
Under the Stars;
Rally once more round the Flag, boys!
Fling o'er the waters your chant;
Hurrah! for Sherman and Sheridan!
Hurrah! for Grant!
Ye who with Farragut thundered—
Ye who went storming with Porter—
Peal out your Union Huzzas!
Shout for the Old Flag of Sumter!
Shout for the Banner of Stars!

Stand by the Old Flag of Sumter!
Steadfastly—dauntlessly—
Stand by it! Soldiers and Tars!
Leading the March of the ages
Cluster its Stars!
Out from the darkness of Bondage—
Upward from Battle's Red Sea;
Over the Jordan of Victory
Landing the Free!
Bring back the old flag of Sumter!
Lift up the bold flag of Sumter!
Fling it aloft from its spars!
Stand by the folds of "Old Glory!"
Stand by the banner of stars!

Kneel round the pure flag of Sumter!
Silently—reverently—
Kissing its beautiful scars;
Swear by the pure flag of Sumter,
Swear by the stars!
Here, at the altar of Sumter,
Built upon slavery's dust,
Welded from slavery's ruins,
Lying in rust;
Swear to be true to our Union—
Swear to be loyal to freedom—
Rending all fetters and bars,
Under the flag of our fathers—
Under the banner of stars!

Pray for the Old Flag of Sumter!
Piously—fervently—
Hushing the cannon's wild jars,
Pray, as ye prayed with your Anderson—
Under its stars!
Braving the red bolts of Treason—
Holding rebellion at bay;
First for the Old Flag to battle,
Earliest to pray!
God bless the heroes who live for it!
God rest the martyrs who die for it;
Robed in their beautiful scars,
Gilding its gules with their life-blood—
Yielding their souls for its stars!

Gaze on the Old Flag of Sumter!
Graciously—gratefully!
Reck not that battle-slain mars;
Reck not for mark of our Midnight
Darkening its stars!
Lo! by that Flag's Crucifixion
Freedom's Redemption was bought;
Out of the Passion of Sumter
Union is wrought!
Ours was the Trial and Agony—
Ours is the fiery alembic!
What though it scorches and chars?
Out of the slag comes the silver!
Midnight is Mother of Stars!

April.

The brown buds thicken on the trees—
Unbound, the free streams sing,
As April leads across the leas,
The wild and windy Spring.

Where in the fields, the melted snow
Leaves hollows warm and wet,
Ere many days will sweetly blow
The first blue violet.

Dear flower-germs, which so long have lain
Within your wintry tomb,
Listening for April's quickening rain
To call you into bloom

Oh, push the damp, dead leaves apart,
And spread your blossoms o'er
The little grave by which my heart
Sets weeping evermore!

A MYSTERY OF PARIS.

It was during the season of the Carnival, and I was at a masked ball at the French Opera House in Paris. It was past three in the morning, and I was seriously thinking of retiring from that wild, boisterous scene—not to call it by any harsher name—in which I had been a participant for hours. I was weary—weary of the dance, the lights, the music, the crowd, the noise and confusion, the silly nothings that were being continually dinned into my ears by the flippant maskers—and I had withdrawn from the press and seated myself in the most quiet spot I could find.

While I was thus sitting apart from the throng, listlessly gazing upon that which no longer gave me pleasure, a masker, in the dress of a page, sauntered quietly past me, and said, in a low, guarded tone:

"Monsieur will not seem to see or hear, but will look for the blue domino with a single spot of red on the bosom, and follow as carelessly as not to attract notice!"

I was only sure this language was intended for me by finding there was no other at the moment within hearing, but what it meant, if it had any meaning, I was at a loss to conjecture. I would have questioned the page, notwithstanding the caution not to see or hear, but that individual had already passed on too far, and was about mingling with the noisy crowd.

As I sat thinking the matter over, it occurred to me that I had been mistaken for another person, and that what had been sent to me had really been intended for some one else. If this was so, indeed, it might lead to a novel adventure, and no one was ever more ready for a novel adventure than myself.

"Look for the blue domino with a single spot of red on the bosom, and follow as carelessly as not to attract notice!" I repeated to myself. "Very well! I think I will—if only to discover what it means."

The next minute the object for which I was about to seek, slowly passed by, and very near me, but in plain view. I arose with a yawn, and quietly, with a sleepy, indifferent air, sauntered after the blue domino. I had no difficulty in keeping it in sight—for the masker, so disguised, moved very slowly through the crowd, seemingly with no particular purpose. If she intended to leave the house, it was not apparent to me then, nor for some time after; and being really very much fatigued, and not certain I was not the sport of a mischievous page, I was about to depart, myself and finish my night's adventures in my own lodgings, when I perceived my fair unknown coming toward me with a finger on her lips. She came up close beside me and stopped, apparently for the purpose of observing something in another part of the house; and then, to my surprise, I heard her say in English, in a low, sweet, musical voice:

"Listen, my friend, but seem not to hear. In five minutes I shall leave the house by the entrance on the Rue Lepelletier, and will meet you at the Place Vendome—after which we will perfect our plan. Do not fail me this time, or we may not have another opportunity before the count's return. Till then, adieu!"

As she ceased speaking she moved away, and was soon lost in the crowd. What did it all mean? Unquestionably I had been mistaken for another person, and the words, "Do not fail me this time" evidently proved. Who was the count alluded to? and what was the plan on foot, to be perfected during his absence? My curiosity was excited, and I resolved to go forward to the part thus thrust upon me till I could ascertain something more definite. And then her words in English, so correctly spoken—plainly showing that either she was, or knew me to be a foreigner, or perhaps both—made me still more eager to fathom the mystery. Perhaps some may blame me, knowing, as I did, there was a mistake, for seeking to find out that which did not concern me; and I have nothing to say in my defense, except that I saw before me the prospect of a novel adventure, the temptation of which I was not just then in the humor to resist.

The French Opera House had three main entrances, for three esaks, on as many streets—namely, one on Lepelletier for those who came in carriages, one on Pinon for those who came in fiacres, and one on Grange Batteliere for those who came on foot. My fair unknown had stated that she would leave by the Rue Lepelletier—which went far to prove that she lay claim to the highest rank among those present, if not indeed among society in general—and I was to wait on the Rue Pinon to order a fiacre and join her at the Place Vendome.

I reached the place first, and dismissed my driver before her carriage appeared, which stopped near the triumphal figure of Napoleon le Grand. As I hastened up to the carriage—which was plain black, without emblazonry of any kind—the door was opened by a small gloved hand from the inside, while the driver sat still, neither turning his head to the right nor left. I could just see that my fair unknown was the only occupant, and I quietly entered and took my seat beside her, feeling a little nervous and somewhat guilty, I must confess. The door was then shut quickly, I heard the sharp snap of a spring, the blind was let down, and we were whirled away in almost total darkness.

For nearly an hour, we rode in silence through the streets of the great city, I seeing nothing but the dim form of the fair unknown beside me, and having no idea of the direction we were going. I thought over some curious stories I had heard of strangers being by one means and another inveigled into dens of robbers, and began to feel rather uneasy. My pistols had been left at my hotel, and I had not a single weapon with me, unless a small pocket knife may be so called. I had not the feeling, moreover, of acting in a right and honorable manner, to give me manly courage, and I could not but admit to myself that, should harm come to me through this adventure, it would be in a great measure owing to my own folly.

I had been thinking this matter over for some time, and had just come to the determination of declaring there had been some mistake, and taking a hurried leave, when the carriage came to a stop.

"Here we are at last," said the sweet, musical voice of the fair masker—the silvery tones of which, coupled with my native language, tended much to reassure me.

The next moment the door was opened by the driver. As I descended the steps and offered the lady my hand, I glanced quickly around, and perceived that we were in an inner court, surrounded on all sides by lofty buildings. If I had really been entrapped, escape was now impossible, and a sudden feeling of alarm made even my blood tremble.

"Come, my friend!" pursued the lady, whose face was still concealed by the mask, taking my arm as she spoke, she led me forward to a door, which she unlocked and threw open.

All was dark inside, and I fancied the air felt cold and damp. I hesitated, and even drew a step back.

"What!" she exclaimed with a light laugh, "are you afraid to enter here to-night, Sir Richard, where you have so often been with me before?"

These words convinced me that I had indeed been mistaken for somebody else—no less, in fact, than an English baronet—and I determined me to go forward and see the end of the strange affair.

"Of course I am not afraid of seeing you," I ventured to say; "but what if the count should have returned during your absence?"

This was the first time I had spoken in the lady's hearing, and I was not a little anxious to know what effect my voice might produce, notwithstanding the eye had been deceived by my personal appearance, for I had at no time been masked myself. To my great relief, she did not indicate in any way that there was anything wrong in either the sound or the words, but answered with assuring promptness—

"Oh, if that is all, have no fear, for he cannot possibly reach Paris under three days. But how was it, Sir Richard, that you disappointed me before?"

"I must explain that some other time," I evasively replied. "Here, madame, please give me your hand," I added, as she was about to set forward through the dark passage in advance of me; "I can always walk better with such a sweet friend to guide me"

She gave me her hand, though I fancied there was a slight hesitation. It might be only fancy, but, somehow, my suspicions were re-awakened. Could it be that we were both playing a part? that whole affair from the beginning was merely a plot to decoy me, a foreign stranger, into her meshes, for the purpose of robbery if not murder? that what I had supposed to be a mistake was merely a *ruse*, and that for her own wicked purpose she was permitting me to think I was deceiving her? The very idea, under the circumstances, was so startling, that in a moment I felt a cold perspiration start from every pore, and I would have given half my fortune to have been safely at my hotel. It was now too late, however, to attempt a retreat; we were groping our way through a dark passage, with the door closed behind us; but her hand rested in mine, and I held it in such a way that she could not withdraw it without my consent. Daylight, moreover, could not be far off, and there was some little consolation in the thought.

We presently came to a flight of stairs, ascending to another story, passed through a long, narrow corridor, with several sharp turnings, and at last stopped at a door, which she unlocked and threw open. A blaze of light from a large chandelier almost dazzled me, and I saw at a glance that the apartment was luxuriously furnished. As soon as we had entered, the lady locked the door, and then removed her mask, disclosing a young and beautiful face, so animated and radiant with smiles that instantly I felt ashamed of my base suspicions.

"There, now, Sir Richard," she said gaily, "you shall seat yourself in that *fauteuil*, we will have a glass of wine together, and then we will arrange our plan with what haste we may, so that you can depart before day light, if you wish."

Could it be that even here, in this light, at such close quarters, she still mistook me for one who by her own showing was an intimate friend? The thing hardly seemed possible. If true, our resemblance to each other must be remarkable indeed, if not true, then had I been lured hither for some dreadful purpose? I seated myself as directed, and awaited the result with a good deal of nervous anxiety. She stepped out of the room for a minute, through an inner door, that was slightly ajar, and returned without her domino, in a very rich dress, and with a decanter and two wine glasses on a silver waiter.

"Here is your favorite sherry, Sir Richard," she said, with a very sweet smile, placing the waiter on a small table, pushing the latter up before me, and seating herself on the opposite side.

As I filled the two glasses, the thought occurred to me that the wine might be poisoned.

"If she drinks, however, I will," I said, mentally, "but not otherwise."

We touched glasses, and both carried the wine to our lips. My eye was upon her. She coughed slightly, and removed hers untasted. In an instant I threw mine over my shoulder unperceived, and remarked as I replaced my glass, that I had never tasted anything better.

"Try another glass—one hardly gives you the flavor!" she said, with her sweetest smile

I thanked her, refilled the glass, took it in my hand, and soon managed to get rid of it in the same manner as the other.

"Now, then," she pursued, "let us arrange our plan about Marie, while we have an opportunity. You know the count only puts your marriage for no other reason than— But, by-the-by, Sir Richard, you have neglected to drink her health."

"True!" returned I; "how could I have been so thoughtless?" I refilled the glass. "To the health of my dear Marie, and our speedy union!" I continued raising it to my lips. The eye of my fair hostess, gleaming with a peculiar light, was now watching me closely. "Hark!" said I, suddenly looking quickly round, "what sound is that?"

"Where? what, Sir Richard? what do you hear?" she exclaimed, with a startled glance around the apartment.

"I think I was mistaken," I said after a short pause, during which I had managed to get rid of the wine without drinking it. When she turned to me again I was in the act of removing the empty glass from my lips. She saw this, and on the instant a strange expression of wicked triumph flitted across her beautiful features. It was momentary, but it was fiendlike. I felt my blood curdle. My worst suspicions then were just! I was ensnared! How was I to escape? Instantly I resolved that she should not again quit my sight, and my hope lay only in threats upon her life, while alone with me and in my power. She now, without alluding to the plan which we had ostensibly come together to discuss, commenced an animated conversation about the masked ball—glancing furtively at me the while, as I fancied to notice the effects of the wine. To be certain in my surmise, I thought it best to feign a heavy drowsiness, and secretly watch her motions. I did so, and gradually appeared to fall asleep. As she perceived this, the mask of nature was also removed, and I saw her dark eyes gleam with a deadly light, and her proud lip curl in scornful triumph. At length she ceased speaking, and for a minute or two sat and watched me in silence. Then, as if to make sure, she approached and shook me, saying—

"You pay me but a poor compliment, Sir Richard, to fall asleep in my presence!" And then, on finding I gave no sign of consciousness, she added, in quite a different tone, "Poor fool! it shall be my care you do not wake again! You have played your part to suit me, and now I will play mine to suit myself!"

She turned away as if to leave the room, probably to summon her accomplices to finish her wicked work; and at that moment I laid hold of her arm. As she looked around in alarm, she found me wide awake, and my eyes fixed upon hers, with a severe, penetrating expression.

"Madam," said I, in a low, stern, measured tone, "if you would save your guilty life, do not attempt to escape, or call for help! I am not the poor fool you suppose! You have played your part and I mine! Do not flatter yourself I have been ensnared! I know you, and boldly came here to detect you in your guilt! Not a single drop of your poisoned wine has passed my lips!—Your whole establishment is under the surveillance of the police! and unless I return to my friends by daylight, your mansion will be entered by the dread officers of the law, and every living soul in it will be taken into custody! Now mark well what I say! You must instantly yourself conduct me clear of your premises! and if you dare to falter in the least or attempt to raise an alarm, that moment, so sure as there is a God in Heaven, you die! Now give me your hand and lead the way!"

White with terrified amazement, and trembling like an aspen, the guilty, wretched woman stood cowering before my stern, penetrating glance. For nearly a minute she seemed too much overpowered to move from the spot. I took her hand, grasped it like a vice, and silently pointed to the door. At length she went forward with tottering steps. In silence she led me through the dark corridor, down the stairs, through the passage, into the court, through another passage, and opened the last door that admitted me to life and light. Morn was just breaking, and as I felt the cool air of Heaven upon my fevered brow, and thought of my narrow escape from death, there came such a whirl of strange emotions that I reeled forward like a man intoxicated!

The mansion I had just quitted stood on the banks of the Seine, about two miles below the old city; and, I believe, if I had drunk the wine offered me, my rifled body would soon have been cast into the rushing waters. I believe, moreover, the mansion, grand as it appeared, was only a den of robbers and murderers—that the woman was simply a beautiful decoy for strangers and foreigners—and that many a poor unsuspecting soul, had taken its flight from there to the eternal world! I did not communicate with the police, for the reasons that, in the first place, I could bring no charge of crime against any, and, in the second place, I did not wish to be involved with the French courts of law; but, thankful beyond expression, for my own escape, I firmly resolved never to risk my life again in another mysterious adventure in Paris!

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

It happened at Bonn. Of course you know that Bonn was his native place. He was born in a house in the Rheingasse; but when I first knew him, he was lodging in the upper part of a little mean shop near the Romerplatz. He was wretchedly poor just then, so poor that he never went out for a walk except at night, on account of the poverty of his appearance. However, he had a piano, pens, paper, ink, and a few books, and from these he contrived to extract some little happiness, despite his privations. At this time, you know, he had not the misfortune to be deaf. He could at least enjoy the harmony of his own compositions. Later in life he had not even that consolation. One Winter's evening I called upon him, for I wanted him to take a walk and afterwards sup with me. I found him sitting by the window in the moonlight, without fire or candle, his head buried in his hands, and his whole frame trembling with cold, for it was freezing bitterly. I roused him, persuaded him to accompany me, urged him to shake off his despondency. He went, but he was very gloomy and hopeless that night, and refused to be comforted. "I hate life and the world," he said, passionately. "I hate myself! No one understands or cares for me. I have genius, and I am treated as an outcast. I have a heart, and none to love. I wish it were all over, and forever! I wish that I were lying peacefully at the bottom of the river yonder. I sometimes find it difficult to resist the temptation." And he pointed to the Rhine, looking cold and bright in the moonlight. I made no reply, for it was useless to argue with Beethoven, so I allowed him to go on in the same strain, which he did, nor paused till we were returning through the town, where he subsided into a sullen silence. I did not care to interrupt him. Passing through some dark, narrow streets within the Coblentz gate, he suddenly paused. "Hush!" he said, "what sound is that?" I listened, and heard feeble tones from what was evidently a very old piano, proceeding from some place close at hand. The performer was playing a plaintive movement in triple time, and despite the worthlessness of the instrument, contrived to impart to it considerable tenderness of expression. Beethoven looked at me with sparkling eyes. "It is from my symphony in F!" he said eagerly. "Hark! how well it is played." It was a little, mean dwelling, with a light shining through the chink in the shutters. We paused outside and listened. The player went on, and the two following movements were executed with the same fidelity—the same expression. In the middle of the finale there was a sudden break—a momentary silence—then the low sounds of sobbing. "I can not go on," said a female voice. "I can not play any more to night, Fredrich!" "Why not, my sister?" asked her companion, gently. "I scarcely know why, unless that it is so beautiful, and that it seems utterly beyond my power to do justice to its perfection. O, what would I not give to go to night to Cologne! There is a concert given at the Bauthaus, and all kinds of beautiful music to be performed. It must be so nice to go to a concert." "Ah, my sister," said the man, sighing, "none but the rich can afford such happiness. It is useless to create regrets for ourselves where there can be no remedy. We can scarcely pay our rent now, so why dare we even think of what is unattainable?" "You are right, Fredrich," was her reply. "And yet, sometimes, when I am playing, I wish that for once in my life I might hear some really good music and fine performances. But it is of no use—of no use!" There was something very touching in the tone of these last words, and in the manner of their repetition. Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said, hurriedly. "Go in!" I exclaimed. "How can we go in, what can we go in for?" "I will play to her," he said, in the same excited tone. "Here is feeling—genuine—understanding. I will play to her and she will appreciate it." And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door. It was only latched, and instantly gave way; so I followed him through the dark passage to a half-opened door at the right of the entrance, which he pushed open and entered. It was a bare, comfortless apartment, with a small stove at one end, and scanty furniture. A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered. "Pardon me," said Beethoven, looking somewhat embarrassed. "Pardon me—but—but—I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician." The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed. "I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play to you?" There was something so odd, so whimsical, so brusque in the whole affair, and something so eccentric and pleasant in the very manner of the speaker, that the ice seemed broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily. "Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is wretched, and we have no music." "No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the fraulein—" He paused and colored up, for the girl looked round full at him, and in the dim, melancholy gaze of those clouded eyes he saw that she was blind. "I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered; "but I had not perceived before. Then you play from ear?" "Entirely." "And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?" "I used to hear a lady practicing near us when we lived at Bruhl two years ago. During the Summer evenings her window was generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her." "And have you never heard any music?" "None—except street music." She seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night! And I was not mistaken. Never, never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother! Never heard I such fire, such passionate tenderness, such infinite gradations of melody and modulation! He was inspired, and from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tones of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter and more equal. Breathless and entranced, we sat listening. The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake. Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sunk, flickered and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before and the illumination fell strongest on the piano and the player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head drooped upon his breast—his hands rested upon his knees—he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time. At length the young shoemaker rose, and approaching him eagerly, yet reverently—"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone. "who and what are you?" Beethoven lifted his head and looked at him vacantly, as if unconscious of the meaning of his words. He repeated the question. The composer smiled, as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kingly. "Listen!" he said, and played the opening bars of the symphony in F. A cry of delight and recognition burst from the lips of both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses. He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more—only once more!" He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the curtainless window, and lit up his glorious head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moon light!" said he, half playfully. He looked up thoughtfully for a few moments to the sky and the stars—then his hands dropped upon the keys, and he began a low, sad, and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument with a sweet and level beauty, like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This delicious opening was followed by a wild, elfin, capricious passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like a dance of sprites upon the midnight sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale*—a breathless, hurrying trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror which carried us away upon its rushing wings, and left us at last all emotion and wonder. "Farewell to you," said Beethoven, abruptly, pushing back his chair, and turning toward the door; "farewell to you." "You will come again?" asked they in one breath. He paused, and looked compassionately almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the fraulein some lessons. Farewell; I will come soon again!" They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing. "Let us make haste back," said Beethoven urging me on at a rapid pace. "Let us make haste, that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it!" We did so, and he sat over it till long past the day dawn. And this was the origin of that "Moonlight Sonata" with which we are all so fondly acquainted."

EFFECTS OF NOVEL READING.

On the whole, the verdict must, we think, be in favor of the novels, though with more reserves than it is quite the fashion to make The objection rests, we think, upon two assumptions, neither of which is more than partially sound,—that the evils produced by reading are confined to novels, and that there is no positive good to counterbalance the possible ill result. Any exclusive system of reading is undoubtedly injurious to any half disciplined mind. Give a girl of fifteen nothing but history for two or three years, and her judgment will become as distorted as if she had passed the time in reading the wildest romances. She will not, it is true, imagine heroes with yellow whiskers and wild words of worship, but she will invest historic personages with charms they never possessed, grow enamored of the great deeds occasionally performed, and consider no man worth anything but those who resemble the exceptional and over-colored personages upon whom her mind has dwelt. It is as ill to long for Sir Philip Sidney as for Charles Lovelace. Miss Yonge in one of her books, we think the "Heir of Redclyffe," puts this effect very well when she makes her heroine sympathize strongly with a wild rage into which the hero puts himself because Charles I. is attacked. There are hundreds of girls in England who feel criticism on Charles Stuart as they feel criticism on their brothers, who believe that feeble, intriguing, Italianesque grandson of Rizzio to be a Paladin and a martyr. They may just as well worship John Halifax as their ideal Charles Rex. Exclusive reading of history is, in England at least, infrequent, but exclusive reading of theology is not, and its effect is at least as bad as that of the novels. There is nothing more pitiable in the world than the condition of an English girl nourished on the pabulum provided in some households,—on religious biographies, and tracts about the impulses, needs, and temptations of the soul, unable to move for fear of committing some sin, with a conscience debauched by confusion between things indifferent and things sinful, with a finger perpetually placed on her religious pulse. A woman may as well neglect all her duties while waiting for the hero with yellow whiskers as neglect them while waiting for the emotion which she believes will accompany conversion; had far better become discontented through hunger for the novelist's life than despairing because convinced she can never be forgiven by Heaven. The diseased conscience is as unhealthy as the diseased imagination, and produces much worse results; the Exstatica is rather less admirable than the Isabel Seaford. Many people can recall the result of a similar devotion to music,—a conviction that all real life was insipid compared with the ideal life evoked by the glorious combination of sounds. The mischief is not the kind of reading but the exclusive devotion to *one* kind, no matter what its object or its active machinery. Poor Mr. Weaver in running down Burns and Shakspeare thinks he is simply doing his duty. He is ignorant of the great fact, true of mental as of bodily physiology, that the constant eating of one dish, however wholesome or however simple of itself, produces disease, that the contempt which he thinks so self-denying and so grand is merely a symptom of mental indigestion. If he looks at the sun only for ten minutes, he will be able to see nothing else, but his sight is not the better for that.

The other argument is of course more of an *a priori* kind. It is, however, pretty safe to say that novel reading brings to the ordinary mind at least as much good as ill. As we recently endeavored to show, reverie is of itself beneficial, and that novel-reading can produce is reverie about characters and situations invented by other people instead of about characters and situations imagined by one's self. Isabel Seaford, debarred from dreaming of Edith Dombey would have simply dreamed of Isabel Seaford in Edith's situations. Suppose that the novels do produce the expectation of ideal heroes who never arrive, they also enlarge the standard of what a hero ought to be, correct the experience which the events of life give to the majority of men. John Halifax is not a bad standard by which to test the difference between Robert Smith, the wine merchant's heir next door, and James Robinson the mellifluous curate who preaches in the neighboring church. So with the argument as to luxuries. A girl may learn from some novels to dream of saloons and gilding gardens and bright decoration, careful tendance and wishes gratified "with the bloom on," till she despises the brown, slightly stuffy, very neatly worn out home rooms; but the effect of her scorn will not be merely dissatisfaction. It will also be an effort to improve the surrounding stuffiness, to add what of brightness and color and life is humanly possible to the prosaic originals. The taste is not perhaps elevated by such books, particularly in the matter of upholstery, but the experience is widened, and the mind had better be cognizant of two bad models than of absolutely none at all. As to the religious excitement, English girls are pretty sure to get that whether they read novels or not, and an exaggerated external ideal is a good deal better than the one evolved by the introversion of thought which is the habitual substitute for light reading. Reading of impossible asceticism, such, for example, as is described in a recent novel in which the hero commits an injustice every hour rather than break a promise given under moral compulsion, at least forces the mind to consider what asceticism means, to realize it in action, and not simply admire or despise it as an abstract virtue or failing. The figures in the novel are, it is true, unreal; but they are not more unreal than the figures of flesh and blood which the girl thinks she understands. The glimpse given by the novelist of these heroes' inner minds is at least as accurate as the glimpse gained at a party or during a short period of courtship. John Halifax is not more unlike the reality than the John Smith whom Joan thinks she sees is unlike it, and both together are much nearer nature than either would be apart. Novel-reading, in short, if not too exclusive, is a kind of experience, and the only real question to be argued is whether experience is worth a woman's having. That is too large a subject for the fag end of an article, but we think sensible mothers, aware that it cannot be wholly avoided, will hesitate ere they prefer the ideals every girl creates for herself to the ideals her mind may accrete out of many books.—*London Spectator.*

ALL SORTS OF SALUTATIONS.

ARABS.—They are very ceremonious. If persons of distinction meet, they embrace, kiss each other's cheeks, and then kiss their own hands. Women and children kiss the beards of their husbands and fathers. Their greetings are marked by a strong religious character, such as: "God grant thee his favors"—"If God will, thy family enjoy good health"—"Peace be with you," etc.

BENGALESE.—They call themselves the "most humble slaves" of those they desire to salute.

BOHEMIANS.—They kiss the garments of the persons whom they wish to honor.

BURMESE.—They apply their noses and cheeks close to a person's face and then exclaim—"Give me a smell;" attributable to their great use of perfumes.

CEYLONESE.—On meeting superiors, prostrate themselves, repeating the name and dignity of the individual.

CHINESE.—They are most particular in their personal civilities, even calculating the number of their reverences. Of equals they inquire—"Have you eaten your rice?"—"Is your stomach in order?"—and, "Thanks to your abundant felicity."

EGYPTIANS.—They kiss the back of a superior's hand, and, as an extra civility, the palm also. Their fevered country is strikingly portrayed by asking, "How goes the perspiration?"—"Is it well with thee?" and, "God preserve thee."

ENGLISH.—An old salutation in polite society was—"Save you, sir," an evident abbreviation of "God save you, sir."

ETHIOPIANS.—They take the robes off the friends they meet, place them round their own waists; leaving the new comers half nude.

FRENCH.—"*Comment vous portez-vous?*" which literally signifies, "How do you carry yourself?"

GERMANS.—In some parts of their country they invariably kiss the hands of all the ladies of their acquaintance whom they meet.

GREEKS.—The salutation among the ancients was, "Rejoice!" Among the moderns, "What do'st thou?"

HOLLANDERS.—With their proverbial love of good living, salute their friends by asking, "have you had a good dinner?"

ITALIANS.—On meeting, kiss the hands of ladies to whom they are related, with the strange inquiry, "how does she stand?"

JAPANESE.—They remove their sandals when they meet a superior, exclaiming, "Hurt me not!"

LAPLANDERS.—When they meet on the ice, press their noses firmly together. Why?

MAHOMMEDANS.—"Peace be with you," to which the reply is, "On you be peace;" to which is added, "And the mercy and blessing of God."

MANILLAS.—They bend their bodies; place their hands upon their cheeks; raise one leg, and bend the knee.

MOORS.—They ride at full speed towards a stranger, suddenly stop, and then fire a pistol over his head.

NEW GUINEA.—The people place on their heads the leaves of roses, as emblems of peace and friendship.

PELEW ISLANDERS.—Seize the foot of the person they desire to salute, and rub their faces with it.

PERSIANS.—They salute by inclining the neck over each other's neck; and then inclining cheek to cheek, with the extravagant greeting—"Is thy exalted high condition good?" and, "May thy shadows never be less."

POLES.—They bow to the ground with extreme deference to friends they meet, with the significant inquiry—"Art thou gay?"

ROMANS.—In ancient times, exclaimed, "Be healthy," or "Be strong," when it was customary to take up children by the ears and kiss them. The Pope makes no reference to mortal, except the Emperor of Austria, by whom he is kissed.

RUSSIANS.—The ladies permit not only their hands, but their foreheads, to be kissed by friends. The men salute by inquiring, "How do you live on?"—Be well."

SIAMESE.—They prostrate themselves before superiors, when a servant examines whether he has been eating anything offensive; if so, he is kicked out; if not, he is picked up.

SPANISH.—The grandees wear their hats in the presence of their Sovereign, to show that they are not so much subject to him as the rest of the nation. When the royal carriage passes, it is the rule to throw open the cloak to show that the person is unarmed.

SWEDES.—They are by no means demonstrative in their courtesies; on meeting, they simply inquire, "How can you?"

TURKS.—They cross their hands, place them on their breasts and bow, exclaiming, "Be under the care of God"—"Forget me not in thy prayers"—"Thy visits are as rare as fine days"—an ancient greeting, as it is by no means applicable to their present country.

WASHOE.—People here no longer say, "How d'ye do?" when they meet. It's "How's your suit progressing?" and the reply, "Pretty well, thankee—how's yours?" A man without a lawsuit is looked upon as vagrant in the State of Nevada.

RATS.

The habits of vermin are almost if not quite as important subjects of study as those of more valued live stock, and some statements derived in part from a professional rat catcher, who has made a life business of studying the vulnerable points of rats, so that he can flank the enemy, storm and take his strongholds and economically maintain his prisoners alive, may be of much practical value to the readers of the *Agriculturist.*

The common brown rat is the *Mus Decumanus.* It appeared in this country about the period of our revolutionary war, and has increased with great rapidity, having almost, if not entirely, exterminated the black rat—(*M. rattus*) which was common before and which is smaller and not so sharp a fighter. The brown is the only proper rat at the North, but at the South two species are not uncommon—the Florida or white-bellied rat, and the cotton rat, and in Mexico and Texas we find the roof rat, living in thatch &c., and the Mexican or bush rat. These all breed very rapidly, but none more so than the common rat. They begin to breed at two or three months old, and will have six or eight litters a year, of eight young ones each on an average, under favorable circumstances, males and females being about equally divided. Were there no natural hindrances to their multiplication, a single pair would increase to no less than six thousand in a single year, and this if they breed only once in two months. There is, however, one way in which they are destroyed by wholesale, for not only will rats devour the weakly and sick of their companions as soon as they are unable to defend themselves, but if very hard pressed, as they doubtless often are, they will eat their young. The destruction by cats, dogs, and men, is as a general thing inconsiderable. The very happy results often attributed to the use of dogs and cats are usually due to the rats having multiplied so as to overstock the premises at the time their foes are introduced, when they scatter, emigrating, as is their instinct, in families to other localities.

The rat is eminently a social animal, and short commons, or any cause of especial discomfort, or strange noises, as the cry of Guinea hens, perhaps the discharge of firearms, or a wide awake terrier, will cause a stampede. It is this trait which makes the effect of the phosphorus paste so efficient.

Comparatively few rats are poisoned, but their actions alarm the others, and when the poisoned ones run away it brings on a general flight, so that often not a single rat is left.

The least amount of food which will sustain rats may be very accurately estimated, but not so all they will eat if they can. In this city great numbers of rats are kept for the purpose of baiting dogs in "pits," similar to those used for cock and dog fighting. These are fed only just enough to keep them from killing and eating one another, and it is found that one hundred rats will live on one bushel of sound corn a week, if fed with great care at two feedings a day. A bushel and a half of corn, fed once a day, will bring them through, and wheat or rye will go further than corn. When rats leave their "full swing" at corn in the bin or grain in the mow, then the quantity they will eat is limited by their capacity; yet they will carry away a great deal, besides damaging and gnawing much more. Suppose there are one thousand rats on a farm—and this is no extravagant supposition. During the time when they cannot get much in the field, they will consume ten bushels of corn, or its equivalent, per week. Calling this period four months, the amount consumed is one hundred and seventy bushels, which, even at 75 cents per bushel, comes to \$175.50. This loss is not apparent; for it is not all corn, but it is hay-seed, buckwheat, oats, pig feed, chickens, &c., and thus divided around it is overlooked.

The number of rats in any single locality is almost always underestimated. They live in families, and send out scouts and spies, which are the only rats seen, unless great pains be taken, and a person remain quietly upon the watch from early in the evening, so that he is neither seen or heard. Then they are often seen in scores, and often fierce battles are witnessed. The rat does not see very well by day, being a nocturnal animal, but his hearing and sense of smell are very acute. A rat will never jump higher than about thirty inches, but will climb rough walls, posts, &c., easily.

CONDENSING MILK.—This process is carried on at a factory in the State of New York with advantage to all concerned, for in the solid form the milk will keep for a long time, and can be sent to all parts of the country. The condensation is effected by placing the milk in pails in a water bath heated to one hundred and ninety or one hundred and ninety-five degrees, then pouring it into a "steam well," in which it is boiled; then lifting it into the condensers, where it is again boiled, but in vacuo, till but one fourth of the original charge remains, then follows a final process of superheating, which has the effect of discharging a fetid sickening odor from the milk. It is then ready for cutting up and packing, and is sold at thirty two cents a quart. It is a curious fact that, although only four quarts are condensed to one, when pure water is added to reduce the article again to liquid bulk, it is invariably found that it requires four quarts of water, and that the milk is then better than pure milk as drawn from the cow.

HOW THEY DO IT IN CHINA.—When a gentleman in China feels desirous of taking unto himself a wife, he sends to the paternal head of some family containing daughters for specimens of the sizes of their feet, with the prices attached. One foot is valued at perhaps two thousand dollars, the next smallest at five thousand, and so forth, according to the market. After the foot (of the lady to whom it belongs) is chosen, she is sent in a sedan chair to the intended husband's house; he meets her at the door, looks into the vehicle to get a view of the fair one, and if she suits his taste he admits her. As soon as she passes his threshold she becomes his lawful wife, but if he likes not the lady he shuts the door, and she is carried whither she came.—*Agriculturist.*

FOND OF NOVELS.—"Are you fond of novels?" said Mrs. Jones. "Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady questioner a lover of literature. "Have you ever read," continued the inquisitive lady, "Ten Thousand a Year?" "No, Madam," said he, "I never read so many in all my life."

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

—Words are women, and deeds are men.

The giraffe is the overseer of all the brutes.

—Never use a gold snuff box. Gold is not to be sneezed at.

—An "object of interest." A girl whose income is \$8,000 a year.

—The softer the head the harder the work to drive anything into it.

—If you miss a train you don't have to wait for it—that's a comfort.

—Why is a superfluity like a relict wait er? Because it's an ex tray?

—It is probable that the shirt of Nessus was simply a shirt not paid for.

—What fine music a bull might make if he only had an organ to his bellows.

—What is that which gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays a doctor's bill? A draft.

—How to get rid of your surplus cash Marry a small "widdy" with a large family.

—The druggist's epitaph—his pill grimage is o'er. Wouldn't his grim pill-age be better?

—Why is friendship like an addiction to ardent spirits? Because it conduces to hand-shaking.

—In which of the twelve months does a woman talk the least? February, for it is the shortest.

—An old toper says the two most precious things now included in hoops are girls and kegs of whisky.

—We think that doctors are better entitled than horse-racers to be called the gentlemen of *the turf.*

—Sailors who have followed the sea for many years say they can tell when they are in the vicinity of Long Island—by the Sound.

—"There are ties which never should be severed," as the ill used wife said when she found her brute of a husband hanging in the hay loft.

—A Memphis paper publishes a long list of divorce cases, entered on the docket at the court there, under the head of "matrimonial shipwrecks."

—An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

—Mrs. Partington expresses her apprehensions that the people of the gold regions will bleed to death, as papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.

—"Fancy," said Sydney Smith to some ladies, when he was told that one of the giraffes at the Zoological Gardens had caught a cold, "a giraffe with two yards of sore throat."

—"I should think them omnibus wheels would be fatigued after running all day," observed Sam. "Well, yes," replied Seth, taking a squint at them, "they do appear to be *tired.*"

—A young lady being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed, "Oh, that splendid gold watch of his! Give it to me that I may remember him and cherish his dear memory."

—"Yes, Mrs Mifflin," said a visitor to her hostess, "dear Emma has your features but I think she has her father's hair." "Oh, now I see," said dear little Emma; "it's because I have father's hair that he wears a wig."

DRESS IN JAPAN.—The Japanese women are, in general, much better looking than the Chinese—the eyes less elongated, and the whole expression of the face more open and free from cunning. There are many, however, whose faces proclaim their Chinese origin, the offspring, probably, of those intermarriages which occasionally take place. Their head dresses and hair, which are objects of especial attention, are generally arranged after a very elaborate fashion, and when disposed to their entire satisfaction, are not disturbed again for a day or two. The pillow of which they make use is admirably adapted for keeping the well-greased and pasted tresses in order. It is made of wood and reminded us, at first sight, of a good-sized stereoscope. The head rests on a small roll of linen and paper, like a sausage in size, which they place at the top, and one would imagine that a stiff neck next morning must be the result of such an unrefreshing pillow. As we are all, however, creatures of habit, they most probably prefer that to which they have always been accustomed. The men, likewise, have their head dressed only once in the twenty-four hours, and sometimes at longer intervals. A regular hair-dresser arranges their heads in the morning, invariably selecting the front part of the house, probably in order that the individual under his hands may be able to amuse himself by gazing at the passers by during an operation so tedious and elaborate. The entire top of the head, from the forehead, is always kept shaved, as clean as the face of a beardless boy. The rest of the hair, allowed to grow long, is saturated with grease, to which is added a kind of gum or paste, to make it stiff. The locks, thus bedaubed, are then combed up all round, and tied at the crown of the head, the ends sticking together forming a tail-piece, which is again doubled back and tied, plenty of gum being applied all the time to make it pliable. When it is finished, it rests on the centre of the head, a short, neat little tail or knob. The women dress very much like the men, with a loose, flowing robe, confined at the waist by a scarf. At the back they wear a bundle of cloth silk, the most costly article of their whole attire. Every woman, whether of low or high degree, poor or wealthy, always turns round on passing another woman, and fixes her eyes on this singular appendage, a scrutiny which enables her to judge of the wearer's station and wealth. They redden their lips with a preparation the name of which is Bien tau-ba. By means of another mixture, which many avail themselves of, they give a golden tinge, the appearance of which strikes one, at first, as very singular.

MARRIAGES OF COUSINS.—Some very interesting facts in connection with the subject of marriages of consanguinity have just been put on record by a French statistician. He carried on his investigations in the town of Batz, in the French department of the Loire Inferieure. Having selected forty six cases of consanguineous marriages, he examined the husband, wives and children, both in regard to their physical and intellectual development, and made inquiries concerning the families examined, and their ancestors, through the assistance of the mayor, pastor, and oldest inhabitants. Combining the statistics thus collected, he has found that intermarriages do not bring about disease, idiocy, or malformation. However, it is important to mark that these results are attributed by the writer to the favorable climate of the locality, and to the general habits, hygiene, and morality of the inhabitants, as well as to the absence of all hereditary disease. The town of Batz is situated upon a peninsula bounded on one side by the rocks of the sea shore, and on the other by salt marshes. The air is pure, and the most frequent winds are from the North, Northeast, and Northwest. The number of inhabitants is about 3,300. They have little communication with other parts of the country, and their occupation is almost confined to the preparation of salt. They are very intelligent, almost all the adults being able to read. The morality is of the highest stamp, prostitution being unknown. Theft and murder have not occurred within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. Mothers nurse their children till they are fifteen months old, and the general food of the population is of the vegetable class. There are, at present, in Batz forty-six consanguineous pairs of first cousins, five unions between second cousins, thirty-one marriages of third cousins, and ten of cousins in the fourth degree. From the five unions of second cousins there have been twenty three children, none of whom have presented any congenital deformity. The thirty one marriages of third cousins have produced one hundred and twenty children, all healthy; and the marriages of fourth cousins have given rise to twenty-nine children, all of whom, with the exception of those who died of ague, were strong and healthy at the period of examination. The writer contends that such facts as the foregoing prove that consanguineous marriages by no means lead to the degeneration of a race.